

A Ballad of Anne Askew, Intituled: *I am a Woman poore and Blind.*



I Am a Woman poore and blind
and little knowledge remaines in me,
Long honge I sought and faine woulde I finde,
In das hearts in my garten wase beth to be.
A garden I have which is unknowone,
that God of his goodnes gaus unto me; (somes
I meane my owne boope wherein I would haue
the lade of Christys true verite.
My herte in that me is hered soze,
my dede actineth against the same:
My sorowes do increas daily more and more,
my conciences suffreth plote bitter paine;
I wold my selfe being thus at straies
wold faine haue bid arpeace and rest:
Having and habyng in my mortall life,
no dede right, I might haue to praise God besy
witht whole intent and one accord.
Yea a Gardner that I did know,
I went and bedred him by the loue of the Lord,
true dede in my garten for to sow.
Then this proud Gardner being me to blinde,
he thought he me to worke his will:
And it sterred me with wonder to herte,
to haue me contynge in blinenesse still.
He led me then with spes and mokes,
for ventall stunes he had me goe,
To gaine my money to stunes and stoches,
which was starkly lyes and nothing so.
With steaking meates then was I fed.
He to kepe me from my laburation
I had trea-tales of Basse, and bals of lead,
not one word spoken of Christys passion.
In me was sevyn all kunde of fained deedes,
with Dernish excentantes sevyn a one,
Myses of Requiem with other Angling deedes,
till Gods spurne out of my garten was gone.
Then was a commandes full straigly,
of my saluation I woulde be sure:
To vaille late Chappell, or vome Charaute,
to be paryd for whist the world entons.
"Share of my learning, saith he, it is lies,
to saye geologe I must abhorre:
I woulde not wish late any maner of wife,
but her as paun iheras haue done before,

I My trust I bid put then in ridelles troches,
thinking them sufficient my come to fane.
Being moche then either Jewes or Turkes,
thus Christ of his meritts I bid respane.
I I might liften my selfe with a misfull heart,
unto the Nunbaman in Luke the viii:
From whomme Christ cauiled the Deuell to be
but shortly after he tolde the other leauk. (part
I) My tyme thus gane Lord to wickedly spent,
Mas shall I die the sooner? (part 2)
In a Lord, A fleshe written in thy testament,
that then haue mercy enough in God.
I As such dianes as the faccountry feld,
that tolde glady expon and shew the world:
whereas I haue many swete feldes about,
for Hylton, Ace, Faggot, nos firswoode.
I So strong me gaoe Lord in thy truth to fane,
for the bloudy Butchers haue me at their will
With thei daughter humors craye balconyn ther
my simple carcas to denone and kill. (hand
I) O Lord forgiue me minre offensce,
for I haue offendid thee very soze:
Take therefore my unsallibdy from hence,
and then that I bid miselby offend iher no more.
I I woulde with all christians & faythfull frens
to keepes them from this Gartners handes,
So he will bring them sone unto ther ends,
with cruell tormentis of fierce strokhanes.
I I dare not prayse for him to pray,
because the stude of him was well knowone:
And since that tyme he hath gone astray,
and much peridient less about he hath to wone.
I Because that now I haue no space,
the cause of my death tenuy to shewe:
I strouke hereafter by Gods holy grace,
that all faythfull men shall it plawely knoyn.
To thes O Lord I bequeath my spirit,
whiche art the workemaster of the same:
It is thine Lord therfore take it right, come
my carcas on earth I leane, from whence it
I Although he alredy be now bornew,
I know thou canst raise it again,
In the same likenss that thou it fornew,
it wraughte with thee euerme forswone.